

[Interview with Vito Cacciola #15]

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PAPER NO. 15

INTERVIEW

with

VITO CACCIOLA

by

Merton R. Lovett

“As well as remembered”

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“I looka my brother come back from New York. He coma tonight.

“He's beena dissapont-ed. De letter come from Senator Lodge. It say de position, he wanta so much, has been fill-ed.

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“Senator Lodge a good friend. He no can do everyting.

“In dis world we needa friends. Without a friends we getta despair. In our friends we must hava faith. When we feela worry, de friend lifta it off our back. It maka miracle. When I getta chance I helpa my friends too.

“One night, long time ago, I sleepa with clear conscience. I waka up and hear racket on de door. Somebody shouta 'Vito! Vito!' It is de woman's voice. I dressa quick. I leta her in. I say whata de matter.

“She saya, ‘My husband, he goin' to kill hisself. He mucha crazy. He goin' to killa me. He say he killa de children.’

“‘Why?’ I aska her. ‘Is he de madmans? Is he drunk?’

“‘No,’ she answer. ‘He's beena worry. He's needa seventy-five dollars. If he no getta it, he maka himself dead.

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Hava you gotta seventy-five dollars, Vito?’

“‘Come,’ I say. ‘You meana tell me a man killa himself for seventy-five dollars — he must be de crazy.’

“‘If he no getta de money in morning he losa de house. He's worka like hell to buya de house. He's nica house. Now we hava house no more. We liva some more in de shack.’

“‘Well,’ I tella her, ‘dat would be too bad. Just de same he acta like nuts. But he's friend of mine. I gotta seventy-five dollars. I go now to see him.’

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"So I walka over to his house. De man he shouta. He looka like de hurricane. I say, 'What's de matter? You no kill yourself. You no killa nobody. Maka sense and I talka to you. I ama your friend.'

"Yes, I giva him de money. He's mucha glad. I scolda him too. He hava no sense. He hava no faith in his friends.

"Sure I getta de money paid back. And he keepa de house. He liva dere now."

"I ama inventor, Mr. Lovett. I maka many tings for my comfort. Look, I showa you.

"With this i fixa de heels. Dere is mucha kind of heels. Dis hole fitta de flat heel. Dis one de baby Louis heel. Dis one de spike heel. Each heel fitta in de place. Den he's easy to fix.

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"I gotta inventive mind. I can consentrate hard. I develop de ideas. I see de vission of improvement.

"De inventor needa quiet like de musician. Dat's why I liva myself. I hata boarding houses. You getta no privateness. When I trya transpose de music, everyone is shouta and complain.

"I'm a systematize too. I keepa everyting in its place and no placa for everyting. See de tools. De is eacha where I puta my hand. Never do I hava to hunt for de awl or de knife.

"And don't you tink I gooda housekeeper? See everytings mucha clean. In disa room I cooka de spaghetti. I washa and baka.

"Always I'm a busy. Never do I wasta de time. Dis morning I washa de bed sheets. Tonight I iron dem. I gotta no money for wife.

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“My will it is strong. One time I say, smoking no gooda for you, Vito. I stopa quick. I beta you I smoka no more.

“And I reada much, Mr. Lovett. If my eye was gooda I reada more. Always I am a busy. Most of de visitors de wasta de time. De maka no sense. But I no wasta time when I talka with you, Mr. Lovett.”